In ten years time, and perhaps less, it will fall back to the price I have obtained for it.'"

Of Col. Perkins's cautious and intelligent methods, in opposition to the blind love of speculation, an illustration is afforded in an interesting incident related by his biographer, Mr. Cary: "About thirty years ago the price of coffee, which for a long time previously had been as high as twenty-five cents, had declined to fifteen cents per pound, and Col. Perkins being in New-York for a day or two, on a visit to a daughter who resided there, a wish was expressed that it might be suggested to him that the temporary depression having made it a fit subject for speculation, if he should be disposed to engage in it on the extended scale to which he was accustomed, there was an opportunity to secure a large quantity on even more advantageous terms As coffee was an article out of the line of his usual operations, and not likely to attract his particular attention, the subject was mentioned to him rather for entertainment, in conversing upon the occurrences of the time and the news of the day, than in the belief that he would give it a serious thought. Without hesitation, and with the ease and precision of an able lawyer or surgeon in giving an opinion on any case presented to either of them professionally, he answered to this effect: 'The depression in coffee is not "temporary." Whoever makes purchases now at fourteen, or even at thirteen cents, will find that he has made a mistake, unless he means to take advantage of any transient demand to dispose of it speedily. There are more coffee-trees now in bearing than are sufficient to supply the whole world, by a proportion that I could state with some precision if necessary. The decline in price is owing to accumulation, which will be found to increase, particularly as there are new plantations yet to come forward. Coffee will eventually fall to ten cents, and probably below that, and will remain depressed for some years. The culture of it will be diminished. Old plantations will be suffered to die out, and others will, in some cases, be grubbed up that the land may be converted to new uses. At length the plantations will be found inadequate to the supply of the world. But it requires five or six years for the coffee-tree to reach its full bearing. Time, of course, will be required for the necessary increase, and the stocks on hand will be diminishing in the mean time. A rise must follow. Whoever buys coffee twelve or fifteen years hence at the market price, whatever it may be, will probably find it rising on his hands, and fortunes may be made, unless speculative movements should have disturbed the regular course of events.' With so clear an outline for the future, it was interesting to observe what followed. Coffee gradually fell to less than ten cents, and remained low. One consequence, usual in such cases, ensued. The consumption increased. Misled, perhaps, by this, and an impatient desire to be foremost in securing advantages which by that time were generally foreseen, parties began to move in a speculative spirit about five years before the time thus indicated. They made great purchases, and large quantities were held in expectation of profit. It was curious to notice the action and hear the remarks of various persons concerned in what ensued, according to their different degrees of intelligence on a subject that was not, even then, fully understood by all. Coffee rose considerably. Some of them secured a moderate profit while they could. Others, arguing on a crude belief that as coffee had been at twenty-five cents, there was no reason why it should not attain that price again, determined to wait for far greater profits. The stimulant given to the demand, by withholding large quantities from sale, developed greater stocks than were supposed to exist; the movement was found to be premature, and coffee fell again in price. Immense sums were lost. Bankruptcy followed, with many a heartache that might have been prevented by counsel from one like him, who had the comprehensive views and thorough knowledge that belong to a complete merchant "

The influence of commercial pursuits in producing a hard and selfish tone of character is often alluded to by the moralist. But it is a fact that no class of men have contributed more than merchants to those great enterprises of utility and benevolence which have required the appropriation of large funds with no hope of private gains. The lives in this volume are filled with examples of their wise and generous benefactions. Col. Perkins was one of the founders of the Massachusetts General Hospital. The Boston Athenæum shared largely in his generous offices. The Perkins Institution for the Blind almost owes its existence to his wise liberality. Mr. Cope of Philadelphia was no less eminent as a philanthropist than as a merchant. Nicholas Brown gave his name to the University of Rhode Island. His gifts to that institution amounted nearly to one hundred thousand dollars. He left nearly one third of that amount for the establishment of a Retreat for the Insane. Stephen Girard redeemed the sordidness of a miserly life by his far-famed munificence in the endowment of the College for Orphans in Philadelphia. Matthew Carey was prominent in all the worthy charities of the day. For many years he kept a list on which were enrolled the names of hundreds to whom he gave once a fortnight a donation of groceries and other necessaries of life. Thomas Eddy devoted the principal energies of his life to objects of public utility. Jonathan Goodhue, though limiting his charities to a private sphere, was a man imbued with the very spirit of benevolence. The kind acts of Jacob Lorillard were equally remarkable with his mercantile sagacity and enterprise. Samuel Appleton made it a rule during the latter part of his life to spend his whole income every year, a large part of which was devoted to public and private charities. In such cases, it would seem that the spirit of liberality grew by the means of its wide exercise. Nor are they of unfrequent occurrence in our mercantile community. The possession of wealth does not necessarily engender indifference to the claims of society, nor steel the favorites of fortune to the presence of human misery.

The illustrations of mercantile shrewdness and energy contained in Mr. Hunt's volume present many details of singular interest. One of the most remarkable sketches, in this respect, is that of the late Patrick Jackson of Boston. In connexion with Mr. Francis Lowell, he was the originator of cotton-manufactures in Massachusetts. Soon after the declaration of war in 1812, they determined to test the experiment of introducing that branch of industry into this country. The difficulties of the undertaking were prodigious. The war prevented all communication with England. Neither models nor designs, not even books on the subject, could be procured. Everything had to begin anew. The machinery, the materials, the arrangement of the mill, the very tools of the machine-shop were to be, as it were, reinvented. The first object was to procure a power-loom. None could be obtained from England. None of sufficient merit had been entered in the Patent-Office. These two merchants, accordingly, set about inventing one for themselves. Although unacquainted with machinery in practice, they did not hesitate to attempt the solution of a problem that had baffled the most ingenious mechanicians. After many experiments, they succeeded in constructing a loom. This was the germ of the business, which has since expanded into such gigantic proportions in Massachusetts. Mr. Jackson also superintended the construction of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and although not an engineer, engaged in the task with the same boldness that he had displayed twenty years before in the invention of the first weaving-mill. The attempt was crowned with similar success, amply deserving the encomium of M. Chevalier who, in his volume on the internal resources of America, speaks of the work on this road as truly "Cyclopean."

We sincerely trust that Mr. Hunt may receive sufficient encouragement from the public to insure the continuance of this series. He purposes to extend his biographies to the merchants of the colonial period, and also to include some eminent names among the living. His plan has the merit of novelty, and we cannot doubt it will prove no less fruitful of usefulness than of entertainment.

RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS.

MODERN PAINTERS. By John Ruskin. Vol. 3, 12mo; New-York: Wiley & Halstead

Mr. Ruskin, after a pretty hard struggle for it, is acknowledged to be the leading Art-critic of England. Even his enemies admit his talents while they deny his judgment. The lesser lights of literature keep up a running fire against him; but among all thinking men he is felt to be a power. His varied and accurate observation of Nature, his patient study of Art and his fine rhetorical abilities are qualities which impress themselves on the mind of every intelligent reader of his books.

But Mr. Ruskin's writings are just of that kind which must hang a long while in suspense between the conflicting opinions of his likers and dislikers, before their value can be decisively settled. For, great and undeniable as his merits are, his defects are scarcely less apparent. With marked original aptitude for his calling, he seems to have entered upon it somewhat impetuously, or before he was prepared for it, and to have mistaken his fresh impulses for settled principles. Being a man at the same time of positive English tenacity and conceit, he has found himself involved in inconsistencies which he has not known how to escape gracefully, or to surrender with frankness. He has been compelled, therefore, to keep up a long battle with cotemporary critics and artists, sometimes to their damage and sometimes to his own, yet always with a terrible earnestness and spirit. In nearly all his singlehanded encounters, however, he has come off the victor, and has suffered chiefly in those general newspaper melées in which his opponents have been many, and the objects of the dispute rather miscellaneous.

This third volume of the "Modern Painters" is even more characteristic than either of the former, and exhibits his faults and his excellencies in their strongest aspects. It is full of vigorous and brilliant writing, full of nice and sagacious criticism, full of felicitous illustrations of general principles, and of rare artistic erudition; but it also abounds in caprices, the results of irritable fancy or conceit—in shallow reasonings and inveterate prejudices. Like the first volume it discovers the keenest sensibility to Nature, and a profound appreciation of Art, and like the second it betrays a quite superficial philosophy of both. Where he speaks directly from his instincts, his judgments are admirable, penetrating, clear, and persuasive; but when he attempts to systematize, or to assign the deeper grounds of his opinion, he gets perplexed and irascible. His function is manifestly that of critical discernment rather than of philosophic elucidation.

This third volume is preparatory to a fourth, which promises a complete analysis of all Turner's more important works, and expounds the principles on which the critic expects to unfold the surpassing greatness of that master. It begins accordingly with an elaborate inquiry into the characteristics of true greatness in Art. All the world admits that there is a grand style and a low style in artistic productions; and the point of importance is to determine in what way the one is to be distinguished from the other. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in some papers contributed to *The Idler*, has said that the grand style is poetic, dwelling upon universal and invariable truths, while the low style is historical, dealing in minute and accidental details; but Mr. Ruskin controverts this view, and pronounces the marks of the grand style to be, first: A habitual choice of elevated subjects, or of those which excite the nobler passions; second: All the beauty compatible with truth; third: As much truth as is consistent with harmony; and fourth: Imaginative power. Every work of great art, he alleges, possesses these unfailing characteristics, and works which do not possess them, fall into some inferior category of skill. In the enduring remains of antiquity, and in the masterpieces of the Italian painters, they are exemplified, as also in the works of a few moderns; but the greater part of the moderns fail in one or the other particular, and sometimes in all. They have neither the soul which delights in lofty themes, nor the imagination which confines itself to truth, nor the exuberance and fertility which spring from profound and patient thought. On the other hand, being destitute of faith, they have no sympathy with the highest concerns of humanity; disregarding truth, they suffer the imagination to run into fantastic license and cloudy in their conceptions and impatient of restraint, they are satisfied with the most superficial execution of details. The German painters, for instance, undertake religious subjects, but, having no genuine call to the work, their pictures prove to be weak and unmeaning; and the English landscape painters boast of their fidelity to Nature, while their best efforts are often only deceptive resemblances to it and not true Nature. We shall have a word to say of this estimate of the modern hereafter; but at present let us go on with our abstract of Mr. Ruskin.

Having determined true greatness in Art, his next question relates to that endlessly-debated point, as to What is the True Ideal of Art. False ideals of two kinds he describes: first; The Religious, where the imagination of the artist, instead of representing the events and persons of Sacred History, as they are really given to us in the record, seeks to aggrandize them by all kinds of artificial glory—making stately Roman Senators out of poor, ignorant fishermen, and a splendidly-becurtained bed-chamber out of a stable; and second: The Profane, which, cultivating beauty without regard to truth or goodness, soon degenerates into a vulgar, debasing luxuriance and love of ornament and display. Of the former sort may be instanced the famous cartoon of Raphael called The Charge to St. Peter, in which, instead of representing the scene faithfully—a body of unlettered fishers dropping their nets and some of them rushing through the water to their Master—he has given us a circle of Greek philosophers profoundly listening to the accents of Socrates and Plato; and of the second sort, a greater part of the Renaissance art and nearly the whole of the French under the Louises and during the Revolution. On the other hand, of the True Ideal there are three kinds; first, the Purist, which seeks lofty and serene spiritual expression, as in the pictures of Fiesole; second, the Naturalist, which accepts life as it is; and third, the Grotesque, which is the harmless play of the imagination. Among these Mr. Ruskin designates Natural Idealism as the central and best, because, taking both the good and evil of the world, it endeavors to harmonize them in unity; Purism is apt to affect the good exclusively, and get untrue, inasmuch as human life is not all good; while Grotesquism, having an affinity for exclusive evil, runs into the wanton, terrible and capricious; but Naturalism is the proper, healthful mean, which idealizes Nature as it is, and not as we fancy it ought to be. The best and truest Art, therefore, is Nature treated in a certain manner by the human mind.

All which may be very well—and is grandly expounded by Ruskin—but it seems to us that it teaches very little, and is not very scientifically stated. Everybody knows that Art is Nature passed through the alembic of the mind; but what everybody does not know and yet wishes to know is, what Nature means in this connection, and what that peculiar alchemy of mind is by which it is transformed. "Imitate Nature," "Copy Nature," "Be true to Nature," cry out the critics; and yet the very point and difficulty is to find out in what manner and how far you are to imitate Nature and what parts of it are to be imitated. A literal transcript of external Nature in any art, it is admitted on all hands, is offensive. Portraits like those of Denner, which give every crack and hair of the skin, are specimens of Dexterity, not of Art. Yet a portrait of the human face which should not resemble the human face would be an absurdity. But where is the line of distinction between a literal copy and a genuine picture to be drawn? Or, again, in those arts which, as wholes, seem to be perfected as they are removed from any of the actual forms of external Nature, such as Architecture and Music—what is their precise relation to Nature? It is often said that a Gothic cathedral is a development of a grove of trees, and a musical composition the development of a chorus of birds; but a development must be according to some law or idea—and whence in these cases is that law or idea drawn? From external Nature? Pray tell us in what part of it? From the mind itself?—then what becomes of your doctrine about copying Nature? Besides, there are lines and forms and colors and sounds in Nature which are anything but agreeable—which are in fact repulsive—and how and when are these to be imitated?

Mr. Ruskin has laboriously battled with this difficulty, in all his books, and is compelled at last to take refuge in "Inspiration." The great artist, he says, is the inspired genius, who discerns intuitively what he wants to do, and does it; he sees the relation of his thought or feeling to Nature at once, and produces the result without thinking of the why and wherefore. In other words his conception and Nature are perfectly at one, and the very mark of his genius is that he looks thus instinctively into the heart of Nature, grasps it, and gives it artistic form. But is not this a singular conclusion for one who contends that the rules of art are as intelligible as the laws of chemistry, and who all his life long has berated some of the world's acknowledged geniuses for their violence done to Nature? There is no end to the reproaches he has heaped on Claude, Poussin, and the modern landscapists, because of their departures from Nature; and yet if they should plead their "inspiration" in defense, what could Mr. Ruskin say? By what standard out of themselves could they be condemned?

Now, there are great truths in these doctrines of the imitation of Nature and the inspiration of genius, but they are truths which involve a profound philosophy of the whole subject of Art. We cannot, of course, enter upon a subject requiring volumes instead of columns for its proper elucidation in this place; but we may suggest a word or two. The three grand constituents of every work of Art are: the purpose or feeling by which it is inspired, and which may be called its life or soul; the conception or intellectual treatment of it, which is its form; and the actual material execution or effect. But the soul or life of it is obviously the main thing out of which the form should grow, as any other organization grows out of its indwelling principle, while the effect should be the mere sensible representation of the form. The true aim of the Artist, therefore, is neither the Ideal nor the Real in itself, but this organic vitality by which the Ideal and the Real are made one—a self-subsistent and complete whole. And the true artist is he who instinctively perceives his objects in this triple unity, or, in other words, whose feelings, operating instantly through the intellect, take a beautiful natural shape. He uses Nature because he discovers that every part of Nature is symbolical of some motion of the soul—that it is a language, and that the same divine spirit which breathes into him his affections and thoughts has also passed through him to the outward world, to be condensed, if we may use the term, in corresponding images. Nature, in all its varieties and depths, is the emblem of the Spirit. The man of genius is he who reads her mystic signs; and he reads them, not because he has learned them from Nature alone, by copying her forms, but because he has read them also in the soul, from which they proceed. Therefore he is called the creator, inasmuch as he is able not simply to depict what Nature shows him, but to produce what is in itself Nature—Nature in her highest forms. He is "true to Nature" in that he selects precisely that feature of Nature which best conveys his meaning.

From the ideal of Art Mr. Ruskin turns to a comparison of ancient, mediæval, and modern landscape—drawing his illustrations of the first from Homer, of the second from Dante, and of the third from Sir Walter Scott. This is the most elaborate part of his book, but not the most successful. He is unhappy in the choice of his typical or representative men. Taking the entire activity of his age, Homer was undoubtedly its most characteristic mind; and so Dante was of his age, but Sir Walter Scott was not. Besides, they were all narrative poets, who do not deal with landscape primarily, but only as it is subservient to higher ends. But having made this choice, Mr. Ruskin is betrayed by it, and by his own prejudices, into a most unjust disparagement of modern art. In reading his book, one really comes to the conclusion that there has been no Art worth speaking of since the Venetians, with the exception of Turner and some of the late pre-Raphaelites. All the recent German and French art, as well as the English, does not succeed in attracting a single word of praise from him; while the general spirit and aim of modern society is condemned as quite godless and execrable. How much Mr. Ruskin knows of it may be inferred from the fact that he regards Sir Walter Scott as its chief exponent—a man who possessed scarcely a particle of sympathy with any peculiar modern movement. We could name a dozen Englishmen that would have served the purpose better, not to mention any German. The truth is, however, that the present age is one so grand and complex in its activities, so subtle and yet so material, so minute and yet so universal, so critical and yet so philosophic, so practical and yet so poetic, that it would be scarcely possible for any one man to reflect all its manifold and intricate tendencies. Goethe expressed the earlier part of this century, but even Goethe, prodigious as he was, was not a complete type. He failed in that point precisely in which Mr. Ruskin mistakingly thinks the age itself deficient—a deep and earnest religious faith. We say mistakingly, because we believe that in no previous age of the world has religious truth exercised so profound a sway over so many minds as in this age. The fierce charges of Mr Ruskin against our "faithlessness" are the worst cant of the conventicles. Our missionary societies alone might put to the blush the entire calendar of ancient martyrdoms and saluthoods. But our religion shows itself in a different way from the ancient religions. It does not utter itself in bloody crusades, or in stately ceremonies and processions, or in monastic asceticism, or torturings of the flesh, but in practical everyday uses. It ferrets out and tries to set right the wrongs of power—the crimes of priests and kings and the injustices of society itself to any of its injured classes. Simple acts of goodness seem to it infinitely better, though less imposing than grand *auto-de-fés*, or vast pilgrimages.

Nor can we agree with Mr. Ruskin in his unqualified contempt of modern art. It is true that we have not had in this nineteenth century such an exhibition of Sculpture as illustrated the age of Pericles, nor such an outburst of pictorial glory as marked the transition period at the close of the Middle Ages. Neither had the Greeks a Shakespeare nor the Mediævals a Beethoven. These great eras depend upon great historical causes, and are a part of a grand Providential scheme of human development, the reasons of which we may not yet be able to see. But we moderns are not deficient in art, and in art of a high and splendid order. We do not refer now to poetic and musical art—the most refined and powerful in their effects of all the arts—but to plastic and pictorial art in which we are said to have done nothing Such names as Thorwaldsen, Houdon, Powers, Pradier, Gibson, and others, in Sculpture, and such names as Reynolds, Kaulbach, Cornelius, Couture, Delaroche, Allston and others, it were a gross impertinence to despise. A nice criticism may easily show that none of these men are equal to Phidias, Angelo, Raphael, or Titian; but no sound criticism can show that they are on that account bunglers. Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Bryant, are none of them equal to Shakespeare; yet each, in his way, is a great poet. Carlyle and Emerson are not equal to Bacon, yet they are both great thinkers. No recent musical genius can compare with Mozart; and yet Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Wagner, are considerable geniuses. It is only once in a millenium that a Homer or a Dante is born; but the intervening ages, in which no Homer or Dante appear, are not wholly destitute of the Divine influx, or given over to utter poverty or meanness.

AT HOME AND ABROAD; Or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Edited by her Brother, Arthur B. Fuller. 12mo., pp 466. Crosby, Nichols & Co. Sold by Fowler & Wells.

A selection from "Summer on the Lakes," from the European Correspondence of The Tribune, and from private letters from abroad to friends at home, an account of the last fatal voyage, and several poetical tributes to the memory of the author, compose the contents of this volume. Although a large proportion of the readers of these fragments will probably not now take them in hand for the first time, they possess a scarcely inferior interest to that which attended their original appearance. The "Summer on the Lakes" was written in 1843. It describes a tour from Niagara Falls to Lake Superior, including notices of the interior of Illinois and Wisconsin, with copious discussions and illustrations of the Indian character. The author's remarks on Western society and culture are apt and instructive, while the impressive scenery of the prairies and the lakes inspires her delineations with poetic enthusiasm. Several of the domestic sketches suggested by her experience on this journey are among the most graphic productions of her pen. Her letters from Europe are familiar to the earlier readers of The Tribune. They are occupied, to a great extent, with the incidents of the Italian Revolution, of which she was an eye-witness, but apart from this subject, they contain numerous portraitures of character, criticisms of literature and art, and descriptions of English, French and Italian society. Her account of Carlyle, which seems to have been thrown off rapidly from her pen, is a fine specimen of her power of character-drawing, and does such cordial and discriminating honor to that eminent man, that we are tempted to reproduce it in our columns:

THOMAS CARLYLE.

I have not yet spoken of one of *our* benefactors, Mr. Carlyle, whom I saw several times. I approached him with more reverence after a little experience of England and Scotland had taught me to appreciate the strength and hight of that wall of shams and conventions which he more than any man, or thousand men—indeed, he almost alone—has begun to throw down. Wherever there was fresh thought, generous hope, the thought of Carlyle has begun the work. He has torn off the veils from hideous facts; he has burnt away foolish illusions; he has awakened thousands to know what it is to be a man: that we must live, and not merely pretend to others that we live. He has touched the rocks, and they have given forth musical answer; little more was wanting to begin to construct the city.

But that little was wanting, and the work of construction is left to those that come after him: nay, all attempts of the kind he is the readiest to deride, fearing new shams worse than the old, unable to trust the general action of a thought, and finding no heroic man, no natural king to represent it and challenge his confidence.

Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men (happily not one invariable or inevitable) that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others; on the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought: but it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no littleness or self-love: it is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror—it is his nature and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere, and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you if you senselessly go too near. He seemed to me quite isolated, lonely as the desert; yet never was man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds such, but only in the past. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up near the beginning some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which as with a knitting-needle he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd; he sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morganas, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about, but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. He puts out his chin sometimes till it looks like the beak of a bird, and his eyes flash bright instinctive meanings like Jove's bird; yet he is not calm and grand enough for the eagle. He is more like the falcon, and yet not of gentle blood enough for that either. He is not exactly like anything but himself, and therefore you cannot see him without the most hearty refreshment and good-will, for he is original, rich and strong enough to afford a thousand faults; one expects some wild land in a rich kingdom. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures, his critical strokes masterly; allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject; I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him, the Siegfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good. At all events, he seems to be what Destiny intended, and represents fully a certain side; so we make no remonstrance as to his being and proceeding for himself, though we sometimes must for us.

The writings of Margaret Fuller, which are now passing through the press in a collective form, will introduce that rare type of American womanhood to numerous readers who are acquainted with the riches of her intellect and character only by reputation. In our opinion, they are still more valuable for the light they throw on her personal qualities than for their vigor and profoundness as objective sketches. They are highly suggestive fragments of an incomplete life. With signal defects of mechanical execution, they form a part and parcel of her inmost being. Rarely have words ever come so purely from the deepest heart of the speaker. On whatever theme she touches, her only aim is to give the truest expression of herself. This high moral excellence is often at the foundation of her deficiency in the mere forms of composition. Had it been less prominent in her character, she would have written with greater popular effect. With her remarkable literary cultivation, and her exquisite sense of the proprieties of art, she could not have failed to succeed in the graceful and picturesque embodiment of her ideas, had she not been so absorbed in making her language a faithful transcript of her mind as to neglect the superficial and facile methods which are constantly used with consummate address by writers of a far inferior stamp. Nor is this truthfulness to herself the only admirable moral quality conspicuous in these pages. They are pervaded by a genuine nobleness of sentiment and purpose. The high-minded Margaret, as she was known to her intimate friends, reappears in every line. If her words are sometimes tinctured with a vein of bitterness, it was by reason of her intense and unutterable scorn of all base pretenses and malignant falsities. She judged others by the same lofty standard which she had adopted for her own guidance, and hence her condemnation of the inhuman in humanity, is often expressed in terms of unrelenting severity. Margaret Fuller was thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of democratic equality which it is the function of this country and of the present age to enforce against arbitrary privileges and prescriptive impositions. In behalf of this cause her glowing appeals often become eloquent. At the same time, she had a clear perception of the prevalent corruption, baseness and selfishness of modern society which obstruct the realization of generous ends. Hence the "sad sincerity" which pervades her writings, increased by the somber influence of a sensitive temperament, sometimes takes a character of almost despairing gloom, and vents itself in anticipations of the future that are inconsistent with her generally cheerful philosophy. The tendency of her writings, however, is to encourage a hopeful view of life, rather than to stimulate a morbid and pusillanimous spirit of complaint. Her own conflicts with adverse events were of a singularly trying character, but even when most depressed by her personal sorrows, she clings to her wonted faith in the triumph of justice and the high destinies of the race.

NATIONAL SYSTEM OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Frederick List. Translated from the German by G. A. Matile. 8vo., pp. 497. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

In this book Americans have a national interest. Dr. List, the author, was invited by Lafayette to visit this country in 1824, and accompanied him on his triumphal progress. He settled in Pennsylvania, discovered the Tamaqua Coal Mines, and made the more important discovery that the system of Political Economy which he had studied in the Old World was visionary and unfruitful. "There only" said he, in his preface to this work, of the United States, "have I obtained a clear idea of the gradual development of the economy of a people." He returned to Europe in 1830, and began the agitation for the suppression of Customs on the interior boundaries of the German States, and the establishment of a uniform tariff on the exterior frontiers, which resulted in the Zollverein or German Customs Union, now embracing thirty-one millions of people. This was the transplanting in Europe of our own system—that of sustaining and alimenting absolute, unrestricted freedom of domestic commerce by a common Protective League for its defense against interference by the commercial policy of foreign nations—securing free trade to *producers* between themselves, and thus increasing production by defending them all against being made the spoil of the men who fetch and carry. Under that system the Zollverein States—which thirty years ago exported wool and imported cloth from England—have doubled their domestic production of wool, manufacture the whole of it, import more and manufacture that, export the cloth and undersell the British manufacturers in foreign markets. They have wholly ceased to import cotton goods from England, and purchase cotton in the wool instead of the thread. In short, they have achieved, by English confession, signal progress in all protected branches of industry; wages have increased thirty per cent in the face of the cheapened production, and consumption in all kinds has increased so immensely as to furnish conclusive proof that the benefits of the system have inured not to the capitalists merely, but to all classes, and most of all to the laborers. The largest increase of consumption is always found in the class whose consumption was nearest the minimum and whose number is the largest. The poor and the *people* are synonymous in the Old World. But the highest evidence of the power these States have attained is in the persevering effort of both parties to engage them in the Eastern War, and their successful resistance. It is their strength that has enabled them to save their strength and augment it.

Dr. List may be truly said to have founded the Zollverein. It has rarely if ever been given to any one man to effect so great and beneficent a result This book develops the philosophy which led him to his noble task, and by which he won the German mind. That which has accomplished so much is certainly worthy of study. The fact that his book is empirical—that it builds an argument so much upon the accumulation of particular instances, is perhaps no abatement of its popular utility. He has certainly contributed little to the abstract principles of economy. In this direction nearly all he has done is to substitute the "Theory of Productive Force" for that of Values. He shows that the European Economists overlook the truth that "the power of creating wealth is vastly more important than wealth itself; it secures not only the possession and the increase of property already acquired, but even the replacing of that which is lost." Their system ignores what may be called *virtual* or latent wealth, and treats nations as if they were actually exerting the whole productive power of which they are capable: and the only question was how their forces should be directed. The moment this idea is introduced, their theory explodes. It is as if the philosopher found himself dealing with expansive steam when he had reckoned only on the dead weight of water. He begins to comprehend then how protection from external pressure may be the essential condition of the development of latent force—how the iron environment, which is itself constrained, may be instrumental to the highest activity.

Dr List's book is rendered interesting from its being so largely historical. The translator, Professor Matile, a colleague of Agassiz and Guyot in Switzerland, is now resident in Philadelphia, and, we hope, may find a hearty greeting for his contribution to our literature. A valuable preliminary Essay, giving a critical estimate of the chief European Economists and exposure of the shortcomings of their system in its relations to humanity and religion, has been supplied by Mr. Stephen Colwell, who has also added frequent notes to the text—often of more than equal importance.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE. By Samuel Gilman, D. D. 12mo., pp. 361. Crosby, Nichols & Co. Sold by C. S. Francis & Co.

The author of this agreeable collection of miscellaneous literature is a distinguished clergyman in Charleston, S. C., where for a protracted term of years he has devoted the best fruits of New-England culture to the duties of his sacred profession. He bore the character of a ripe scholar at an early period of life, and has since lent to congenial studies the leisure which he has been able to snatch from absorbing cares. His contributions to periodical literature evince the versatility of his pen, and the completeness of his æsthetic cultivation. Treating a singular variety of topics, they are marked by uniform elegance of taste and felicity of expression, and often by a delightful humor in the genuine style of the old English school. He never wearies the reader by crabbed discussions, but even when touching on the gravest themes, enlivens them by familiar illustrations and a tone of pleasantry, which brings them within the range of popular sympathies. The volume before us consists of a selection from those periodical papers, the well-known jeu d'esprit entitled "Memoirs of a New-England Village Choir," and several occasional pieces in verse. They will be welcomed by the large circle of readers who cherish the name of the author in the recollections of friendship, and perhaps no less by many of a younger generation, who retain a relish for the characteristic productions of an interesting epoch of American literature.

One of Dr. Gilman's early instructors, who combined the functions of teacher of youth with the cure of souls, is made the subject of a racy sketch, of which we must give a specimen. The worthy commemorated in this lively description was the Rev. Stephen Peabody, of the little town of Atkinson, N. H He must have sat for the likeness some fifty years ago:

In person Mr. Peabody was large and commanding, having attained full six feet in hight, and being otherwise of very portly dimensions. His eye was black, and his face was swarthy but well-proportioned. His hair was bushy and curling, swelling out to an ample rotundity behind, like that of Mirabeau. I believe he never followed the coxcombry of our reverend forefathers in wearing a bush-wig or a wig of any other kind. Though in general courteous and bland in his address, yet when he heard profane language, or received a personal insult, an awful shadow would gather on his visage, his eye would roll fiery glances in every direction, and the dauntless volley of rebuke would be poured from his lips. His passions were naturally strong, and he feared no human being alive. Had any of his parishioners dared to attack his person, (since he had his quarrels sometimes,) I have not the least question that they would have bitterly rued the moment, for his physical powers were mighty, and in his youth he had been the invincible wrestler of many parishes round, and, being now fresh from the Revolutionary war, he had not yet learned to identify the higher Christianity with non resistance.

His conversation was enlivened with innumerable anecdotes, which he related with surpassing glee and humor, reserving the contagious laugh until the closing point, and using all sorts of dramatic accompaniments, frequently rising from table in the midst of a meal and taking the floor, if he could thereby set off the action to better advantage.

His musical powers and habits were extraordinary, and he almost reveled through life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds of his own creating. On rainy days, when unlikely to be disturbed by captious or narrow-minded visitors, he would take out his golden-toned violin from a little closet, and draw from its strings the richest and most bewitching notes—a sweet and serene half smile all the time playing over his lip and cheek and eye. His voice was of vast compass, and exquisitely flexible. He was at home in every part in music. When there was no choir in the meeting-house, he led the singing himself; and when there was one, he supplied the deficient parts, rolling out a mellow and deep-toned bass, or warbling with his treble or counter over the whole concert, like an animated mocking-bird. He sang on week-days at his work, and sometimes talked aloud to himself most agreeably. He would sing on his rides about the town, or when traveling in his chaise, alone or accompanied, by night or by day; and all the solitudes and echoes of that region have many a time rung with his loud and melodious voice. He was most fond of sacred music, but did not disdain a scrap now and then of secular. He would sing you in perfect taste, with graceful gesture and a happy look, either sitting or standing, various extracts from the delightful old anthems of Arne or Purcell, or from the oratorios of Handel. Coming home from public worship, if a favorite tune had just been sung there, he would repeat it over and over as he entered the house, stopping you in a companionable way, looking you smilingly in the face and asking if it was not beautiful. He would, except on Sunday mornings, awaken the whole household of sleepers at sunrise, or as soon as he had made the fires, by singing up and down stairs "The bright rosy morning peeps over the hills," "The hounds are all out," or some other hunting song equally stirring. He would take into his lap a little round, favorite dog, and, commanding it to sing with him, he would begin by roaring some tune aloud, the dog immediately joining in with a louder and responsive roar. The only inconvenience from this practice was that the dog one Sabbath followed his master unperceived to the meeting-house, and up to the platform of the pulpit stairs, and too zealously practiced there the musical lessons which he had been taught at home. On some warm summer afternoon, when all the windows of the house were open, and one of his young boarders, far up in the garret at his studies, might happen, for variety's sake, to burst out in some cherished tune or strain—such, for instance, as old St. Anne's—his venerable friend in the lower story, awaking from his transitory nap, would fall in with his mellifluous bass, and so would they sing for a long time together, until, looking out of their respective windows, they would smile upon each other, as who should say, "Were there ever two better friends than we?"

He was, indeed, the soul of good nature, particu-